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Dawson City
Alaska, N.W.T.

My dear sister and all:

We received your letters (2) to-day and were very glad, and very dissapointed Here we are up in a cold – a god-for-saken a -wilderness. You little know of the hardships, and then to get letters telling us to write, write, write. I hereby solemnly swear that I have written often; if you have not gotten them it is the fault of the mail system. We

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have made it a rule to write so often. I have told you of everything that has happened. You ask, "Am I too busy all the time to write." No, not all the time, but all most. Talk about mail getting here twice a month -- such a thing is impossible, you might as well talk of snow-trains. Either one of us would give an ounce of gold for every pleasant letter we could get. We have to stand in

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line sometimes for 6 hours to get our mail. Mail only arrives here about twice a year. For God's sake don't ask us, why we don't do this? or why we don't do that? Come up here and you will find out why. One can't do everything one wants to here. Why don't we eat oranges and beef-steak all the time? Because, the first are .50c apiece and the latter \$2.00 a pound. Write, write but

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please do not write anything but pleasant letters.

About the trunk. D---m the trunk; it takes too long to explain but it so happened that the steamer went before I expected it. Anyway , what does it matter about a little trunk. We are not up here for love - it is too hard a proposition you cannot understand it. When we get our pile pile we

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will return not until then. When we do return we will show you how to spend gold dust. We are earning money, lots of it ; time is precious; if we have any time it would take twice a compound microscope to find it. I have already almost a claim on the Eldorado – the one below it sold for a million . Don't tell us what not to do, and what to do. Don't you suppose that we

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know. When we make \$25 a day, don't you suppose that we know what we are doing. You do not know anything about this country; read until your eyes grow soar and weary then you will know something. Come up here, and then you will wish you were away.

One kind loving word will help to encourage us on; one cross word makes us think that

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we are suffering all these hardships for nothing: all the gold in the world is not worth the price of happiness. Cheer us up, keep us a- going.

Dottie, the insurance papers are held by the Citizen's Bank where they should be. You have all the papers that you need; pay the interest and make Strauss pay his and you will be all right.

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This letter may be a little vigorous, but when we stand in line 36 hours and then get a scolding and Mae crying for one loving word it seems bad. Don't tell us to write or return. We will write when we can possibly can, and we will surely return when our pile is big enough. Please don't try to explain, but write loving words. Tell us more personal news;

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war news we hear about before you can send it as papers are \$2.00 apiece and don't you see that it pays men to hustle some, late news in quick.

The hi prices prevail here all paid in gold dust -

Meat	\$2.00	Pd
Dried Fruit	.50	
Apples	.50	apiece
Hats	one oz.	of gold
Dogs	\$100. ⁰⁰	now worth \$ 500. ⁰⁰ in winter
Dottie, do you think that our \$ 900. ⁰⁰ mortgage is in danger?		

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This is the greatest country in the world, but still it is terrible. We have written you all about it; but will do so again fearing that you have not received it. Remember that the less letters we write, the more money we will have, and the quicker we can return. Just let us run ourselves. Don't you think it is a hard job to run

Jess or Mae –

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Remember that there is lots of money here; but one cannot get it while he sleeps. We are taking the best possible care of ourselves. We have lots of friends, and are bound to succeed – maybe in a year – maybe in 10 years. We have already gained a world of experiences. Remember that we are in a country where an ounce of gold takes

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the place of a dollar; but for all that the niggers in their Southern cabins, live better than the million ants of Dawson City.

Do you think we need loving words?

All the letters I have written I have said to send to Mary. Can you not do this?

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Bob just got a licking for stealing a pair of moccasins. They eat them for the grease that's in them. Talk about these dogs not as smart as the Yukon dogs. Our dogs run the dogs of Dawson City; and there are lots of them- Madge generals the lot; Sports bluffs them all out of a fight, and Bob is too foxy for all of them. Sailor takes care of himself, and Bruin reminds them that he is around.

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We would like to see you all.

From the land

where there is "Tubs of gold, but lots of hardships".

And no night for it's light all the time.

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What are we doing ?

If we told you, you would want to know why we didn't do something else.

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Look what an easy time I am having. I am going out to the mines tonight. That means 30 hours of continuous walking with no sleep. Do we need anything to cheer us up. I repeat, we will write when we can, will return when we get our pile. We have come out here to succeed. Both of us dispise the word Failure.

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From your loving babies and the dogs, Jesse, Mae and Madge, Sailor, Jack, Bob, Bruin and Sport.

Ed Lund - What do you think of the sin sports of Madison ? Here Jackpots are opened for \$25,000. Go down to Tommy's, blow yourself, whiskey there is only 10c - here it is \$1.00.

~~"Beef"~~ turned a th